

The Mirror

OF

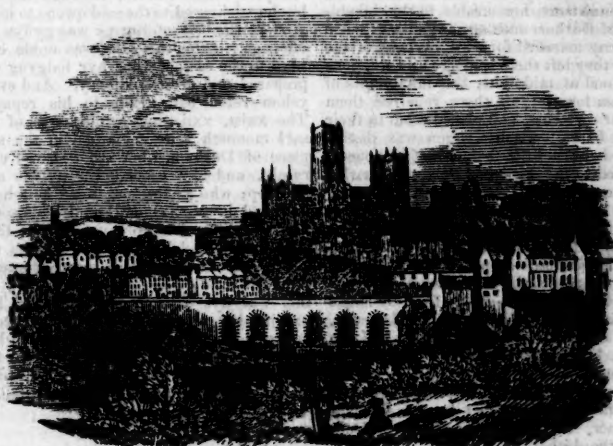
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION

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DURHAM.

ROYAL VISITS TO DURHAM IN FORMER TIMES.

Durham, we learn from Camden, was formerly called Dunelmus, and by the common people Durham or Duresme. It originally owed its importance to the votaries of St. Cuthbert, who died A.D. 687, and was buried at Landisfarnie.

A history and description of the ancient city would greatly exceed our limits, but in this day, when we are so frequently gratified with royal progresses, a notice of two visits which Durham received from crowned heads will not be at variance with the taste of our readers.

When Robert Bruce resolved upon an invasion of England, in 1317, king Edward the Third, who had just ascended the throne, presented himself at Durham. Burning villages and general devastation marked the advance of the Scotch. Edward crossed the Tyne, hoping to intercept their retreat, and make them pay dearly for their temerity. The Scots, however, for a time so successfully manœuvred to keep out of his way, that it is said the king hit upon the singular expedient of offering

£100 a year in land to any one who should bring him within sight of the Scotch, so that he might have an opportunity of engaging them; and this great prize was gained by one Thomas Rokeby, who, whilst seeking them, being made prisoner, on stating what his object had been, was haughtily told that he was at liberty to carry to his king the desired intelligence. In consequence of this, the two armies approached each other, and a bloody conflict was expected; but finding the English were too strong for them, on the third night the Scots made false fires and retreated. Two trumpeters were scornfully left behind to announce the retrograde movement, which Edward is said to have lamented with tears. To console himself, he and his followers repaired to Durham, where he and his nobles visited the cathedral, and rested some days.

Froissart gives a curious description of the supplies left behind by the Scottish army when it withdrew. The English, according to him, found "500 head of cattle, which the Scots had slaughtered and left behind as too heavy to carry with

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them; 1,000 wooden spits, loaded with meat for roasting; 300 cauldrons, made of the skins of the slaughtered cattle, filled with water, and suspended on cross stakes over the fires for boiling; 10,000 shoes or brogues, made of raw hides; and lastly, ten girdles for baking out bannocks, with which they correct the crudity of their stomachs when they have eaten too much sodden flesh, and with which they frequently corrected the crudity of their stomachs when they could get no flesh at all. A circumstance honourable to the inhabitants of Durham must not be omitted: when the army marched forward in quest of the Scots, they left their baggage and waggons in a wood at midnight; the inhabitants of Durham found them there, removed them at their own cost, and placed them in their empty barns. Each waggon was distinguished by a little bannerol (pennoncel) attached to it. Froissart further remarks, the horses were all well shod at Durham."

The other visit of royalty which we have to notice, we find, as collected by the indefatigable Richardson in his *Local Historian's Table Book*—of which we are glad to announce two additional volumes are immediately to appear—given from Leland's narrative of "The Fynancelles of Margaret, eldest daughter of king Henry VII, to James, king of Scotland," a curious notice of the coming of that princess. It was in the year 1502, and having reached Darton, where she was met by Sir William Boummer, sheriff of the lordship of Durham, the bishop of Durham, and other persons of note, he writes, on the 20th of July she set out in "fayr aray" for the town of Durham. What follows, though given in the quaint language of the time, will be found to bear no slight resemblance to scenes which have lately been witnessed.

"A mylle out of the said towne, cam before hyr Syr Richard Stanley and my lady his wyffe, accompanyd of gentylmen and gentylwomen varey well apoynted, hys folks arayd in his livery, to the number of L. horsys well mounted. Then the qweue prepared hyrselfe to enter into the said towne, and every ychon in lyk wys, in fayr aray, and rycheley, after the manere accustomed. In specyall th' erle of Northumberland ware on a goodly gowne of tynsill fourred with hermynes. He was mounted upon a fayr coursier, his harness of goldsmythe warke, and thorough that sam was sawen small bells that maid a melodious noyse, without sparing gambads. Hys gentylmen of honor and his company wer well apoynted. At the intrying of the said towne, and within, in the streytts and in the wyndowes was so innumerable people hat it was a fayr thing for to se. And in fayr ordre sche was conveyd to the church, the officers of armes, sergeants of armes,

trompetts, and mynstrells, going before hyr. At the gatt of the church was my lord the byschop of the sayd place, and my lord the prior, revested in pontificalls, with the convent all revested of ryches copps, in processyon, with the crossys. And ther was apoynted a place for to kisse them. Then the sayd processyon departed in ordre, and all the noblesse in lyk wys, to the church, in whiche ny to the fount was a ryche awter, adorned of ryches jwells and precyowuses relikes, the wich the said bischop delivered to the said qweue to kisse. And by the erle of Surrey was gyffyn her offrynge. After this sche was noble conveyd to the castell, wher hyr lodgyng was prepared and drest homnestly. And every ychon retourned again to his repayre. The xxist, xxij, and xxiiij days of the said monneth sche sejournd in the said place of Durham, wher she was well cheryschet, and hyr costs borne by the said byschop; who on the xxiiij day held holle hall, and dowble dynner, and dowble souper to all commers worthy for to be ther. And in the said hall was sett all the nobletse, as well spiritualls as temporalls, grett and small, the wich was welcome; for this was hys day of installacyon. The xxiiijth day of the said monneth the qweue departed from Durham, accompanyd of hyr noble company, as sche had been in the dayes past, in fayr manere and good ordre, for to com to the towne of Newe Castell."

NEVER DESPAIR.

BY DR. EDWARDS.

It is a motto not of this or the other class or individual, but every one's motto. Though used to inspirit one's self, it is probably far more frequently, as well as appropriately and energetically, employed as an oracle of comfort to a friend or companion. The reason for this, amongst others, may be, that the power of hope generally exceeds that of action, and that of enterprise is greater and more enduring than of exertion. We may thus form plans and entertain high expectations for another which we should almost regard as presumption for ourselves, concluding that they would be ever practically guided by their hopes or impelled beyond them, whilst feeling conscious of our own reluctance or waywardness in obeying their summons, and following their high and happy destination. But whether expressed or felt in reference to ourselves or others, it often has a large and holy significance, partaking of the nature of that figure of speech in which less is expressed than is intended, whilst it proves and illustrates some of the common principles of our nature.

Let us analyse this trite expression, and we find it to be another form of reiterating the sentiment recorded by two of our best poets—"Hope comes to all;" "Man never is, but always to be blest;" or the fabled box of Pandora. But neither these, nor yet Cowper nor Campbell have given a magic spell equal to those words of our old schoolfellow Horace—"Nil desperandum."

Hope being the great source of action, and index of character, it becomes a sort of distant beacon by which we may learn to predict human destiny. Phrenologists have equal reason to regard hope as complex, existing and operative, in proportion to other states of mind, as memory. You cannot separate it from mind, unless it be that of the infinite supreme. In a more exalted state, a state perfect and ineffable, hope, though not that of the Christian, must still exist, and be enriching itself with the splendours and raptures of an approaching eternity, as memory will with the spoils of time. The more capacious the understanding, the brighter the imagination; the more animated the affections, the livelier the hope. We are all born and destined, not only to enjoy the present but the future, to form reasonable plans, and to cherish ardent desires. Let us attentively study the metaphysics of our own minds; let us observe the works and processes of nature; let us ponder on the pages of human history and biography; and we shall hear a voice at one time whispering, and another pealing, and only add to this the authority and appeals of revelation, and it shall then swell into a chorus loud enough to drown all human din—"Hope on! Hope ever!"

Let us consider the infant's dependent and insignificant existence from which we have emerged; and from the powers we have acquired, we may learn that progress is the law of our nature. The attainments, or rather exploits, impossible to childhood, but which childhood longed to realise, are now familiar and ordinary, and perhaps many may be able to assert the same of their later expectations and enterprises. Experience may here materially help to give weight and energy to the appeal, "*Never Despair.*" They may have sailed on seas, and have triumphed over storms in which they had long been on the verge of despair. The evils they dreaded, like some dark cloud passing over the firmament, may have brought in a sereener and brighter sky. They have not only been strengthened beyond their most sanguine expectations to endure trial, but have come out of it wiser, happier, and stronger to grapple with adversity. The evils they dreaded were either chimeras, or else the imagination gave a gigantic gauntness to them, which by no means belonged to them. Such experience is well calculated to admi-

nister relief and hope under future straits and troubles. It is often nothing but a morbid imagination that makes duties appear onerous, difficulties formidable, and temptations irresistible. It is this which converts friends into foes, a hare into a lion, and makes the common open highway as the garden of the Hesperides.

But should the past present to the mind nothing but painful images, it may be that our misfortunes have been owing to causes no longer in operation, or to our own imprudence or inactivity; and hence, far from desponding, we may be encouraged for the future. Adversity and prosperity, like the milder and severer seasons of the year, succeed one another; which made an ancient philosopher say that men in prosperity had occasion for sorrow of heart to think their summer would soon close, and, on the contrary, the children of adversity had reason to rejoice to think that their good was yet in store, and that they thus have the pleasure of hope in addition to that of possession.

The inconstancy and vicissitudes of fortune are calculated to teach all men these two great lessons, which ought never to be separated—"Never despair, never presume!" Not only some but most of the great leading characters of their age have risen from comparative obscurity, and have learnt to grow tall by stooping, strong by severe discipline, and rich by industry. It matters not to what circle we direct our attention, we find equally abundant confirmations of the truth of our remark; and every such character and event are so many beacons of hope, remonstrating with our fears, and stimulating our efforts; and not only so, but we further learn that the feeblest instruments have been made mighty in operation, and the most important events sprung from weak beginnings and unexpected sources. After the brightest talents have toiled to no purpose, and time and property almost wasted, some apparently casual occurrence or train of circumstances has suggested thoughts by which more has been effected in a moment than the united talents of the whole world could have done by their own powers. It is well known that some children playing with pieces of glass on a table occasioned the discovery of the telescope. Mr. Locke was prompted to write his great work, which introduced a new system of metaphysics, in consequence of a thought which struck him while conversing with a few friends. Sir Isaac Newton was led to make those philosophical researches which have rendered his name coeval with time itself, by seeing an apple accidentally fall from a tree while he was sitting in a garden. And to come nearer our times, Mr. Raikes was influenced to commence Sunday-schools by observing

a number of children in rags at play on the sabbath in the streets of Gloucester. When lost in an apparently inextricable labyrinth, some unknown power has pointed out a clue; when overpowered with difficulties or enemies, assistance has been given from a quarter unexpected and unsolicited, and by means seemingly the most improbable; or perhaps foes may have been converted into friends, and difficulties into helps. The storm is generally more violent just before it begins to subside; the darkest part of night ushers in the morning dawn.

It was also easy to produce a large array of pleasing and profitable facts to prove that events apparently adverse have proved the greatest sources of advancement or enjoyment. The celebrated apostle of the north, who itinerated in the reigns of Edward the Sixth and Queen Mary, was accustomed to say that every thing was for good. It was not to be expected that he would escape the all-searching scrutiny and unrelenting fury of the persecutor; and accordingly, having been discovered, he was sentenced to execution. On his way he fell from his horse, and broke his leg, which made one of his attendants remain him of his favourite maxim. "Yes," says the good man, "and this is for good;" and so it proved, for before he could proceed the reign of this bloody queen had come to a close, and by the delay he saved his life. A lad was once bitterly disappointed by losing some petty situation in his parish that had been promised him. This interested a clergyman on his behalf, by whose influence he was respectably educated, and eventually rose to be Lord High Chancellor.

"Never despair" is the decision of greatness and the earnest of success. It was the decision of Samson when an object of derision; all hopes of revenge on the Philistine seemed vain. It was the decision of Cyrus when after three years' siege of the city of the Chaldeans' greatness, there seemed no more hope of success than when he first commenced. It was the decision of Alexander before the city of Tyre. It was the decision of Marlborough when a French lieutenant-colonel having deserted a pass, Marshall Turenne, who commanded the French army, laid a wager, that, difficult and dangerous as this enterprise was, this "Handsome Englishman" (as he used to style him), should retake the pass with half the number of men with which the other had lost it; which Captain Churchill successfully effected. It was the decision of one of our ambassadors at the court of Frederick, of Prussia. That monarch having shown him his regiment, almost the finest in the world, asked the ambassador if his master had a regiment that could beat his. "I do not know," was his reply, "whether

an equal number of British soldiers could beat them, but I know that half the number would try." It was the decision of one of our bravest admirals, when threatened with the immediate loss of his head by the despotic Dey. Incensed at having a beardless boy sent to him, the young veteran replied—"Our king does not measure us by the length of our beards." On his being informed that he must forfeit his life for this temerity—"Execute your order," says he, "but just first take a look in this direction," pointing to the British fleet, and adding, "They will quickly honour me with a glorious pyre."

It is not so much the want of ability or opportunity, as of confidence and hope that prostrates human desires and schemes. De-pair and presumption are the two greatest foes to human enterprise and achievement. How many noble actions would be performed—how many reputations preserved—how many fortunes established—how many families saved—how many suicides prevented—if this maxim had been believed. Few among mankind are gifted with genius, or continually favoured by the breezes of fortune, but all may find resources against despair in patience, perseverance, and industry; all have refuges, props, and sources of enjoyments. Some rill in the most arid wilderness, some friendly star in the darkest sky—and though the tear may fall, or the sigh be heard—may yet respond to the appeal, "Never despair." The harp of the human spirits has never yielded such sweet music as when its framework has been most shattered, and its strings most torn. Then it was when man deemed the instrument useless that an unknown singer has toned its chords, and drawn from them a fine swell of harmony. Come night, come calamity, come affliction, come death, and we shall, if true men and Christians, still adhere to our motto, "Never despair."

And if we would take and act upon this truth for ourselves, may we not for another? Do we feel conscious at times of high aspirings of being born to a higher destiny, proving that, as we come from, so we also tend to, the infinite; and shall we not extend our hopes as well as display our sympathies towards mankind? Let us cultivate an enlarged view of the worth of the human soul, and prefer the bright to the dark side of the picture. In looking on a fair estate, we do not dwell upon the thistles or other weeds, which deform an acre; but we consider what cultivation and care might do for it; we contemplate its worth by the richness of its soil, and the seed of future beauty hid within its bosom; and this view animates us, and the rain of heaven descends, and its sun lights the scene, vivifies and realises our fondest hopes, and

rewards the patient labourer. And shall we, then, care for the earth on which we tread, a mere finite possession, and for a few weeds neglect and despair of that which is of endless duration? No! let those who complain, who suffer from the want of relations, still hope, care, and pray for child, brother, husband, wife, friend, or scholar.

There are those classes that abuse the sentiments on which we have been dwelling. The first are the independent. If we presume we may, we must also despair. We are not speaking of nice, but of common discretion. Our passions must not be the first guide to follow. Men have often failed through excess of ardour—passion is not duly attempted by judgment. Despair has sometimes been induced by a comparison of superiors, as presumption by too little intercourse with them. To be successful we must feel assured, both of the hostility of the object proposed, and of the fitness of the means for its attainment, or we may but knock our heads against the wall in catching flies.

The second are the inert or inactive. If we would imbibe the true spirit of our sentiment, we shall feel disposed, yea determined, to turn every stone, from York to London, rather than fail of our object. The third are such as make no allowances for the intervention of a higher control. When heaven pronounces its decision, we must submit to its authoritative dictates. There should be no despair here, because there should be no hope. To think, to feel, to act, otherwise, is be our own enemy. Where we cannot lead we must be led.

Hope on; hope ever is the dictate both of a great and good mind. If superior in hope, though inferior in many other qualities or possessions, we may yet be really superior in character, in action, and in success. If the language of ambition and avarice—how much more right has the good man to its adoption.

The pleasure of pleasure is but as the summer rose, but the pleasure of hope may and ought to cheer us all our life—in every season and change to brighten and beautify every step in our path. It is, or ought to be, like the daisy, of which the poet says,

There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.
On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise,
The rose has but a summer's reign,
The daisy never dies.

SCOTCH SECOND-SIGHT.

Though by no means the same, it will be found that Scotch second sight has no

slight affinity to mesmerism. The curious may like to compare the description given of it by Martin, a century and a quarter ago, with what Miss Martineau has lately written on the subject of clairvoyance, &c.

The second-sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person that uses it for that end; the vision makes such a lively impression on the seers, that they neither see, nor think of anything else, except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object which was represented to them.

At the sight of a vision the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the objects vanish. This is obvious to others who are by, when the persons happen to see a vision, and occurred more than once to my own observation and to others that were with me.

There is one in Skye, of whom his acquaintance observed, that when he sees a vision, the inner part of his eyelids turns so far upwards, that after the object disappears, he must draw them down with his fingers, and sometimes employs others to draw them down, which he finds to be much the easier way.

This faculty of the second-sight does not lineally descend in a family, as some imagine, for I know several parents who are endowed with it, but their children not, and *vice versa*; neither is it acquired by any previous compact. And after a strict inquiry, I could never learn that this faculty was communicable any way whatsoever.

The seer knows neither the object, time, nor place of the vision, before it appears; and the same object is often seen by different persons, living at a considerable distance from one another. The true way of judging as to the time and circumstance of an object, is by observation; for several persons of judgment, without this faculty, are more capable to judge of the design of a vision, than a novice. That is a seer. If an object appear in the day or night, it will come to pass sooner or later accordingly.

If an object is seen early in the morning (which is not frequent), it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards. If at noon, it will commonly be accomplished that very day. If in the evening, perhaps that night; if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night; the later always in accomplishment, by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of night the vision is seen.

When a shroud is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostic of death; the time is judged according to the height of it about the person, for if it is seen above the

middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year; and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand, within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms. Examples of this kind were shown me, when the persons of whom the observations were then made, enjoyed perfect health.

One instance was lately foretold by a seer, that was a novice, concerning the death of one of my acquaintance; this was communicated to a few only, and with great confidence; I being one of the number, did not in the least regard it, until the death of the person, about the time foretold, did confirm me of the certainty of the prediction. The novice mentioned above is now a skillful seer, as appears from many late instances; he lives in the parish of St. Mary's, the most northern in Skye.

If a woman is seen standing at a man's left hand, it is a presage that she will be his wife, whether they be married to others, or unmarried, at the time of the apparition.

If two or three women are seen at once near a man's left hand, she that is next him will undoubtedly be his first wife, and so on, whether all three, or the man, be single or married at the time of the vision or not; of which there are several late instances among those of my acquaintance.

It is an ordinary thing for them to see a man that is to come to the house shortly after, and if he is not the seer's acquaintance, yet he gives such a lively description of his stature, complexion, habit, &c., that upon his arrival he answers the character given him in all respects.

If the person so appearing be one of the seer's acquaintance, he will tell his name, as well as other particulars; and he can tell by his countenance whether he comes in good or bad humour.

I have seen this myself by seers of both sexes at some hundred miles distance; some that saw me in this manner have never seen me personally, and it happened according to their visions, without any previous design of mine to go to those places, my coming there being purely accidental.

It is ordinary with them to see houses, gardens, and trees, in places void of all three; and this in progress of time uses to be accomplished: as at Mogshot, in the Isle of Skye, where there were but a few sorry cow-houses, thatched with straw, yet in a very few years after, the vision, which appeared often, was accomplished by the building of several good houses on the very spot represented by the seers, and by the planting of orchards there.

To see a spark of fire fall upon one's arms or breast, is a forerunner of a dead child to be seen in the arms of the seer

sons; of which there are several fresh instances.

To see a seat empty at the time of one's sitting in it, is a presage of this person's death soon after.

When a novice, or one that has lately obtained the second sight, sees a vision in the night-time without doors, and comes near a fire, he presently falls into a swoon.

Some find themselves, as it were, in a crowd of people, having a corpse which they carry along with them; and after such visions, the seers come in sweating, and describe the people that appeared; if there be any of their acquaintance among them, they give an account of their names, as also of the bearers, but they know nothing concerning the corpse.

All those who have the second-sight do not always see these visions at once, although they be together at the same time. But if one who has the same faculty designedly touch his fellow-seer at the instant of a vision appearing, then the second sees it as well as the first; and this is sometimes discerned by those that are near them on such occasions.

BARON C. A. DE BODE AT PERSEPOLIS.

It was towards the close of the year 1840, that the Baron C. A. De Bode left Teheran to visit the celebrated ruins of Persepolis. To view those mighty mockeries of human greatness, the tombs so often described, was, of course, one of the objects of his visit.

He has had the good fortune to discover some pieces of sculpture which had escaped the notice of former travellers.

His descriptions are animated, and his personal narrative is not without interest. He performed his journey on horseback with two attendants, and one spare horse for his luggage. The road is dreary, and the caravanseras, though they afford the wanderer a welcome resting place, are not quite so comfortable as the hotels of Europe, and they stand a long way apart. Though unmolested in his journey, as the ground was covered with snow, it was far from agreeable to a lover of ease.

The entrance to the tombs at Naksbi Rustam, presumed to have been those of Cyrus, Cambyses, and Darius I, Xerxes, and Alexander, is difficult, as the visitor has to climb the face of the rock some sixty feet from the plain. Thus it was entered 2,500 years ago. Guides first climb up the rugged surface of the rock. A rope is then let down, and fastened to the waist of the traveller, and by this, aided by his own exertions, he is raised. It is related by Ctesias that, when Darius had completed his tomb, his parents

were desirous to view it. The priests raised them almost to the summit with cords, but, perceiving some serpents at hand, were so alarmed that they loosed their hold, and the prince with his princess were killed by their fall. Forty persons were sacrificed by Darius to the maues of his parents.

Having entered the sepulchre, he remarked a doorway which led to a cave; at the further end of which, he observed three vaulted niches. In each recess is an excavation which probably served for a coffin, covered by a ponderous convex lid of stone. In this lid a hole has been bored sufficiently large to admit a man's body. The interior is now empty. The author got into one of these excavations, and stretched himself at full length in the deserted tomb, originally formed with such jealous care. He found nothing in it but some white dust, which crumbled from the walls at a touch. He conjectures that in these tombs the monarch, perhaps with some members of his family, was interred with jewels and treasure; and that, when the sepulchre was first broken open, the mighty lids of the tombs were raised, and the graves rifled of their contents.

He declined ascending to the second and third sepulchres, but entered the fourth, being swung up as before. It contained nine tombs, but in them he noticed nothing very remarkable.

The account of his exit from the chamber of death is striking:—

"The descent was more difficult than the ascent had been. With my Persian servant we were lowered down in the same manner as we had been hoisted up, by means of a rope twisted round our bodies, with the end committed to the charge of the person who stood on the upper platform; but as no one could keep the rope for the kedkhuda who remained there the last, and there were no means of fastening it to the top, he was obliged to come down by himself, clinging in his descent to the verticle rock, which offered very few rough places on which he could lay hold with his hands or fix his feet. It was a nervous spectacle to look upon the man as it were hanging in the air, full seventy feet from the ground, just touching the edge of the rock with his tip-toes, and cautiously examining and feeling every trifling projection of the mountain, to ascertain if it would afford any support to his weight. The muscles of his bare arms and legs were completely contracted from the exertion, and the least cramp would have brought him headlong down. We stood gazing from the lower platform, still at a considerable distance from the ground, in breathless anxiety, offering prayers for his safe descent. I reproached myself for having urged him to this rash enterprise, and if a fatal accident

had befallen him it would have weighed heavily on my conscience through life. I should never have forgiven myself for having sacrificed a human being to the mere gratification of a vain curiosity after all. But God is ever watchful and merciful to his creatures. At length we had the satisfaction of seeing the daring climber join us in safety amid the loud *Mashallah*, and *Burikallah* (*God be praised!* and *bravo!*) of the party, who had just before been ejaculating, *Yah Allah*, *Yah Ali* (*God help! Ali help!*)"

The effect produced by the general aspect of the ruins is thus pictured, at least such as it was in the Baron's case. He says:

"I moved from one group of ruins to another like one under the influence of wine; my head felt quite giddy. Not that each separate monument was a master-piece by itself, it was the *tout ensemble* which kept the mind and imagination in a continual state of excitement. But these feelings, however delicious and grateful they might be to oneself, were yet so vague, so undefined, so confused even, that it would be impossible to bring them into any tangible form, for words are inadequate to give them expression. I can only point out the elements which served to give birth to those feelings. It was the originality of the scene before me, so totally different from everything one is accustomed daily to meet; the chaste simplicity of the monuments, beautifully harmonising with their gigantic proportions; the Titanic rocks of marble and granite, evidently piled up with the presumptuous thought of struggling with Time, as to who should have the mastery; and although nearly vanquished by the latter, the lofty columns still rearing their proud heads toward the skies. The mystery attached to the origin and design of Persepolis; the isolated position it now occupies; the awful silence that breathes around it; the generations of men and empires which have rolled over its head, and sunk into oblivion; the events it has witnessed; the vicissitudes undergone; the noise and bustle of which it must once have been the centre, compared with the unearthly quiet which at present pervades its clustered pillars and pilasters, were all fit subjects for meditation, and capable of raising the soul above its ordinary level of indifference and apathy. Nor could the eye, while gazing on these memorials of past grandeur, help casting a look upward to the Throne of Omnipotence, where all was immutable and eternal. The pure, bright sky of the East, which had smiled upon the birth of the Persepolis, and witnessed its pristine glory, was the same which now looked down on its fallen grandeur,—still pure, bright, and serene as the Spirit which dwells there!"

HUMAN DARING.

Nil mortalibus arduum est.

At various periods of the world grave sages have been much alarmed at the idea of man's aspiring too much. In ancient days there were grave persons who thought it sinful to have any thing to do with fire. Prometheus, who probably first discovered the means of striking a light, was said to have stolen fire from Heaven. In the third ode of Horace we read that the effects of this were very serious. Fevers, unknown till then, afflicted mankind, and death found half his work done to his hand through the impious labours of the person we have named—*Andax Japeti genus*.

At a later period it was considered a dreadfully wicked thing to raise the devil. It was believed to be possible, and all the abominable murders perpetrated under the laws against witchcraft may be regarded as the fruit of this notion. In various other instances men were supposed to possess powers which it was unlawful to exercise. Stones and bones were forbidden in a wager of battle to be worn as charms by the combatants, who, before they fought, were required to swear that they had nothing of the kind about them.

We have lived to see all these things, once deemed so awful, laughed to scorn. Witches, ghosts, and Satan himself, are no longer believed to appear to man in his present state, but, strange to say, the late experiments in mesmerism have alarmed some pious people. Like the ancient arts of infernal invocation, such powers as the mesmerised subject displays, it is argued, ought not to be called into action. To this the distinguished lady, who has lately fixed public attention so largely on herself, thus replies:—

"As for the frequent objection brought against inquiry into mesmerism, that there should be no countenance of an influence which gives human beings such power over one another, I really think a moment's reflection, and a very slight knowledge of mesmerism, would supply both the answers which the objection requires. First, it is too late, as I have said above; the power is abroad, and ought to be guided and controlled. Next, this is but one addition to the powers we have over one another already; and a far more slow and difficult one than many which are safely enough possessed. Every apothecary's shop is full of deadly drugs—every workshop is full of deadly weapons—wherever we go, there are plenty of people who could knock us down, rob and murder us; wherever we live there are plenty of people who could defame and ruin us. Why do they not? Because moral considerations deter them. Then bring the same moral considerations

to bear on the subject of mesmerism. If the fear is of laying victims prostrate in a trance, and exercising spells over them, the answer is, that this is done with infinitely greater ease and certainty by drugs than it can ever be by mesmerism; by drugs which are to be had in every street."

No offence to Miss Martineau, we really think this is more plausible, more calculated to satisfy those who are alarmed at the dreadful doings of mesmerists, than her facts, curious and startling as they certainly were, are to remove the doubts of those who are sceptical as to its powers.

What man may eventually be able to accomplish, it is difficult to predicate; but that his inquiries into the mysteries of nature ought to be restrained, by the scruples alluded to, is that which we are little disposed to admit. Here we can go along with Miss Martineau, who, in her concluding letter, says—

"And now one word of respectful and sympathising accost to those reverent and humble spirits who painfully question men's right to exercise faculties whose scope is a new region of insight and foresight. They ask whether to use these faculties be not to encroach on holy ground, to trespass on the precincts of the future and higher life. May I inquire of these, in reply, what they conceive to be the divinely appointed boundary of our knowledge and our powers? Can they establish, or indicate, any other boundary than the limit of the knowledge and powers themselves? Has not the attempt to do so failed from age to age? Is it not the most remarkable feature of the progress of Time that, in handing over the future into the past, he transmutes its material, incessantly and without pause, converting what truth was mysterious, fearful, impious to glance at, into that which is safe, beautiful, and beneficent to contemplate and use,—a clearly consecrated gift from the Father of all to the children who seek the light of his countenance? Where is his pleasure to be ascertained but in the ascertainment of what he gives and permits, in the proof and verification of what powers he has bestowed on us, and what knowledge he has placed within our reach? While regarding with shame all pride of intellect, and with fear the presumption of ignorance, I deeply feel that the truest humility is evinced by those who most simply accept and use the talents placed in their hands; and that the most childlike dependence upon the creator appears in those who fearlessly apply the knowledge he discloses to the furtherance of that great consecrated object, the welfare of the family of man."

No good reason can be adduced for refusing to avail ourselves of such lights as it may please the Supreme Being to place

within the reach of mortals. That he will ever give us powers like those stated to be exercised by her young attendant J., that is, to see events happening in distant parts, and to ascertain the state of the immortal spirit, or those which Miss Martineau believes to have been given to herself, by her will unexpressed to change water into wine, is a matter on which we offer no opinion; not because we have not formed one, but because to express it we believe to be unnecessary.

THE PARROT WITNESS.

We gave, some eighteen months ago, a curious narrative of singular revelations made by a parrot, the property of a medical gentleman, at Camberwell. It may be remembered that extraordinary as the things uttered by the bird were, its owner did not consider the creature possessed more reason than others of its species. What it repeated was supposed to be wholly from unconscious memory. A case has recently occurred in which a parrot has actually been brought before a court of justice to support a claim made to his person, and the manner in which the creature deputed himself seemed to prove, that besides distinct recognition of his former master, he could understand something of what was said of himself. It was perhaps purely accidental, but there appeared a touch of waggery in the action of the animal.

At College-street, Dublin, the case occurred. Mr. J. H. Davis summoned a Mr. Moore, and claimed as his property, a parrot, which the latter had in his possession. On the complainant's right being questioned, it being mentioned that the bird was at hand, he desired that it might be brought in, and by the evidence of the parrot he would engage to prove his case. He stated that he had lost it on the 28th of April, and had not seen it since till last week.

The bird was then brought into court in a covered cage, and a very amusing scene followed. We abridge the conclusion from the *Freeman's Journal* :—

Witness—I will give up the whole matter if the parrot will not prove my case. He is my principal witness (roars of laughter).

Mr. Fullam—And do you swear, sir, that Mr. Moore stole him?

Witness—No, certainly not, for I don't think he did, but it may have been stolen by some person, and sold to Mr. Moore.

Mr. Hitchcock—All I can collect about this affair is the fact that you had a parrot, and that you lost it.

Witness—The bird is now in court, and let me take him on my finger, and ask him

two or three questions, and if he don't answer to my satisfaction, and that of all present, I will give up the case, because he is my principal witness, as I said before (laughter).

Mr. Fullam (a solicitor)—Do you intend to have him sworn? If you do I'd like to know on what book, as it is very likely he is a Heathen or a Turk (laughter.)

A voice from behind—Get him a Koran then (laughter, in the middle of which the parrot commenced whistling "Take your time Miss Lucy," amid a scene of the most boisterous mirth ever witnessed).

Mr. Fullam—Let him be examined by you, and then I have a right to cross-examine him (laughter.) What words did you teach him?

Then the cage was uncovered, and the parrot stared about the board room for some time until Mr. Davis stepped over to him, and said, "Come, old fellow, give me a kiss." The bird, a very pretty one, thrust its neck out of the "twisted gyres;" and kissed Mr. Davis with great apparent fondness. A fat young fellow said that the bird would do the same to any one in the room, and, therefore, it was no proof that he belonged to Mr. Davis.

Mr. Davis said the parrot would not kiss any one but himself, and cautioned the lad not to try the experiment; but the advice was unheeded, and stepping over to the cage he asked for a *buss* also. The bird looked at him for a moment, bristled up its feathers, stretched out its neck, and seized the boy by the lip, out of which he nearly took a mouthful before it could be loosened, and the screams of the lad mingling with the laughter had a very excellent effect.

Mr. Davis requested any other gentleman that pleased to ask the parrot for a kiss, but the invitation was politely declined by the whole company. He again begged the favour of a salute from the bird, which was granted, as in the first instance, with affection, and then he appealed to the bench and the audience if the bird was not his property.

Mr. Hitchcock (the judge or president) said the evidence was very strong in his favour, certainly, but Mr. Fullam said his client was by no means satisfied with the evidence adduced on that point.

Mr. Davis—Very well (taking the bird out of the cage on the fore-finger of his right hand), I will ask him a few questions now, and I think I will settle this matter. "Tell me, old fellow, what does the dog 'say?'"

The answer was a bow, wow, wow, so loud and musical that one would imagine the "Kildare hounds" had run a fox into the board room. When the laughter which followed had ceased, Mr. Davis again asked,

"Well, what does the cat say?" the parrot gave a sly glance round the room; and then commenced purring a little, after which set up mewling, which forcibly reminded every person present of a congregated meeting of all the tom cats in the city.

Mr. Davis asked was there any more proof necessary? and

Mr. Hitchcock said the evidence was quite conclusive, and he would order the bird to be returned.

Mr. Fullam said Mr. Moore was a most respectable person, and he could bring proof that he bought the parrot in July last for £1 13s.

Mr. Hitchcock said that might be true, but it was quite clear the bird belonged to Mr. Davis, and he must therefore make an order for its restoration.

Mr. Moore—And I am to be done out of my property in this manner?

Mr. Davis—You admit that you bought the bird after the police notice was served on you. Here it is (showing a printed notice).

Mr. Hitchcock—You bought the bird after you read the notice, and I will not allow you anything for its support; on the contrary, if Mr. Davis claims costs in this case, I will give him a reasonable sum, which you must pay him.

Mr. Davis said he did not require costs as he wanted was his bird.

Mr. Hitchcock—You have him now, and keep him.

The parties left the office, the parrot whistling "There is nae luck about the house," amid loud and continued laughter.

ALFRED THE GREAT IN AFRICA.

Little did our great monarch and minstrel, in his fondest hopes of undying glory, dream that he and his daring would, a thousand years after his death, be celebrated in Africa. Such, however, or something like it, is the case. *Sam Sly's African Journal*, which for its shrewdness and intelligence we have repeatedly quoted, furnishes an elegant little poem on this subject, which, with its introduction, we subjoin:—

"After the defeat and death of Ubba, the Danish general, Alfred, taking advantage of the reanimated courage of his troops, determined on making another effort to recover his kingdom, but finding none to whom he could entrust the charge of ascertaining the strength and resources of the enemy, he undertook the dangerous task himself, and disguised as a shepherd, with a harp in his hand entered the Danish camp, and exerting all his musical arts to please, was even introduced into the presence of Guthrune, their prince, with whom he remained some days. Having made his

observations he departed, and collecting his forces, attacked and routed the Danish army with great slaughter. Such as did not choose to embrace christianity were suffered to leave the kingdom, and Guthrune becoming a convert with thirty of his nobles, the king himself answered for him at the font.

With harp in hand the stranger stood,
A simple shepherd, mild of mood,
Fresh from the hand of nature—the
Un-killed in all save minstrelsy.
And e'en had turned him from the way,
When courtly feast and revel gay,
Lured him to join the festal train,
And vaunt the triumphs of the Dane.

It was an hour when harp and song,
In merry wasail pealed along,
And mid his northern bearded band,
Aliens on Albion's island strand,
The haughty Guthrune laid aside
His battle axe and brow of pride,
To list anon the wild detail
Of gay romance and goblin tale.

The minstrel paused, he ne'er had been
So dight before in revel scene,
For round on every side the din
Of tabor, harp, and violin,
Mingled with clash of brand and blade,
And scarce his footsteps he essayed,
'Till on his ear came jest profane,
'Gainst Druid seer and Saxon thane.

"What ho! sir, minstrel, tune a string,
And join us in our revelling,
Of court, of camp, of battle fray,
Of captive knight, of palmer grey,
Of baron bold in lady's bower,
Of warder on the bastion tower,
Or saintly strain whose tones while here,
So soothe the Saxon Alfred's ear."

Stern is the mandate, but the will
Of tyrants find obedience still,
Nor think you word or act imply,
Hearts' unaffected fealty;
The subtlest slave that fawns the while,
Would drug the bowl, or fire the pile,
For generous acts alone secure,
Friendship or fealty to endure.

He trusted the lute, so soft, so clear,
The raptured listeners paused to hear,
Such tones from David's harp there came,
When hallelujahs were the theme.
Such men the royal psalmist bore,
'Fore Israel's king in days of yore,
Ha! little did the Osman know,
That minstrel was their deadliest foe.

There is a spirit undefined,
That indicates the gifted mind,
And stamps amid the sons of earth,
The man of intellect and birth;
The warrior chieftain owned its power,
It turned him captive from that hour,
Nor deemed he in the battle's van,
They yet must struggle man to man.

Less dreamt he of that hapier hour,
When freed from passion's vengeful power,
His warrior soul forsook the way,
Where gospel sun ne'er shed its ray;
Forsook the heathen's gloomy road,
To serve the ever living God,
Who triumphed in the battle's brunt,
Should answer for him at the font.

Cape Town, September, 1844.

UNGOA.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF WARWICK.



Arms.—Quarterly: first, *az.*, on a cross, engr. *or.*, five pellets, all within a bordure, *eng.* of the second, for Greville; second, *or.*, fretty *az.*, for Willoughby; third, *gu.*, a pale, between six cross crosslets *or.*, for Beauchamp; fourth, *as* first.

Crest.—First, out of a ducal coronet *gu.*, a swan, wings expanded, *az.*, backed of the first; second, a bear erect, *az.*, muzzled *gu.*, collared, and chained, *or.*, supporting a ragged staff of the first.

Supporters.—Two swan's wings addorsed, *az.*, legged, beaked and ducally gorged.

Motto.—*Vix ea nostra voco.* "I scarcely call this thing our own."

This noble house deduces its origin from William Greville, a citizen of London, who lived in the time of Richard II. In the year 1398 he purchased the manor of Milcote from Sir Walter Beauchamp, knight, and entailed it upon his heirs male. He died in the third year of Henry IV. The estates passed in regular succession; and in the reign of Henry VIII we find Sir Edward Greville, of Milcote, a distinguished military character, particularly at the Battle of Spurs. In the thirteenth year of this reign Sir Edward Greville obtained the wardship of Elizabeth, one of the daughters, and, at length, sole heiress of Edward Willoughby, only son of Robert, lord Brooke, and his wife Elizabeth, one of the daughters and coheirs of the lord Beauchamp, of Powyck, which wardship tended to the subsequent elevation of the family. Sir Edward's second son, Sir Fulke Greville, married Elizabeth Willoughby, the ward of his father, and the greatest heiress then in England. The account of this marriage is in a manuscript, entitled "The Genealogie, Life, and Death of Robert, lord Brooke," written in 164, and in possession of earl Brooke:—"In the days of Henry VIII," says the author of the MS., "I read of Sir Edward Greville, of Milcote, who had the wardship of Elizabeth, one of the daughters of the lord Brooke's son. The knight made a motion to his ward that she should be married to John, his eldest son; but she refused, saying she did like better of Fulke, his second son. He told her that he had no estate of land to maintain her, and that he was in the king's ser-

vise of warre beyond the seas; and, therefore, his return was very doubtful; she replied and said that she had an estate sufficient both for him and for herself, and that she would pray for his safeties, and wait for his coming. Upon his return home, for the worthy services he had performed, he was by king Henry honoured with knighthood, and then married Elizabeth, the daughter of the lord Brooke's son." By this marriage the manor of Alcester and many other fair lordships and lands came to Sir Fulke Greville in right of his wife, who, seating himself at Beauchamps Court, and augmenting his large estate by the purchase of sundry lands in the neighbourhood, raised his family to high distinction in the county of Warwick. He had two sons, of whom Robert, the second son, was the second lord Brooke. Sir Fulke was succeeded by his eldest son, who was also succeeded by his only son, Sir Fulke Greville, a man of letters, and a distinguished courtier in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I, who, at the coronation of the latter prince, was made a knight of the Bath, and soon after was called from being treasurer of the navy to be chancellor of the exchequer, and was sworn of the privy council. In the second year of king James's reign he obtained a grant of Warwick Castle, with the gardens, and other dependencies about it, and was elevated to the peerage Jan. 18, 1620, first, by the title of lord Brooke, baron Brooke, of Beauchamps Court, county of Warwick; with limitation in default of heirs male of his own body to his kinsman Robert Greville, son to Fulke Greville, Esq., of Thorpe Latimer, in the county of Lincoln. His lordship died September 30th, 1628, and was buried in his own vault in the great church of Warwick, under a monument which he had erected himself, with this remarkable inscription:—

"Fulke Greville,
Servant to Queen Elizabeth,
Councillor to King James,
and friend to Sir Philip Sydney.
Irophæum peccati"

Never having married the honors descended according to the limitation, to his kinsman Robert Greville, Esq., second baron, who distinguished himself as general in the parliamentary army during the Civil Wars. He was victorious at Edge Hill, in October, 1652, and the next year was killed by a musket ball, in a successful assault upon Lichfield. He married Catherine, daughter of Francis Russell, earl of Bedford, and was succeeded by his son Francis, third baron, at whose decease the honors devolved upon his brother Robert, fourth baron, who was one of the six commissioners deputed by the House of Lords, in conjunction with six members of the Com-

mons, to invite the return of Charles II. He left two daughters, and was succeeded by his brother Fulke, fifth baron, whose grandson Fulke was the sixth baron. He dying in five months, the honours devolved upon his brother William, seventh baron, whose son Francis, eighth baron, was advanced to the dignity of earl Brooke, July 7th, 1764; and the title of earl of Warwick, of Warwick Castle, becoming extinct by the death of Edward Rich, earl of Warwick and Holland, September 7th, 1759, his majesty was pleased to add the dignity of earl of Warwick to his other honors. The earl was succeeded by his son George, second earl, whose son, Henry Greville, is the present earl. He married, October 21, 1816, Sarah, baroness Monson, relict of the fourth lord Monson.

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rithme," Soulie's "Marguerite," &c.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER XVI.—continued.

"May I continue," demanded Faranghea.

"Certainly," said Rodin, fixing a penetrating look upon the stranger.

"Well, sir, as Djalma and I were about to set out for Paris, two men arrived in a carriage bringing several gorgeous presents to my companion. One of these men was sent by some friend who did not wish to disclose his name; the other was a doctor who was sent by you to dress the wounds of Djalma, and to accompany him to Paris, which was a very charitable act, was it not so, brother?"

"Continue, sir," said Rodin, biting his lips.

"Yesterday we left the château de Cardoville. The doctor, to rid himself of the man sent by the unknown friend, stated that in consideration of Djalma's wound, the latter must lie full-length in the carriage. He also insisted upon my remaining behind, to which Djalma would not give his consent. When we had travelled about half way, he wished us to remain all night at an hotel, stating that we would reach Paris in sufficient time, but we objected to this arrangement, for I knew, by Josué's letter that Djalma's appearance at the Rue Francis on the 13th affected you much. I asked the doctor if he knew you; he appeared confused, and this satisfied me that he was

sent by you. When resting at the inn the doctor said to Djalma, 'As the fatigue of the journey may inflame your wound, you must take a soothing potion to-morrow, which I shall prepare this evening, in order to have everything in readiness in the carriage.' I watched the movements of the doctor, stole into his room, examined several phials, and found one containing opium. I guessed all."

"What did you guess," demanded Rodin, calmly.

"Why, that the calculation of the doctor was good. The prince was to take the potion at five this evening; he would naturally fall into a sound sleep, when the doctor would proclaim danger, and thereby put a stop to the journey till your purpose was served. Such was your design, which was exceedingly well planned; but, wishing to serve myself, I endeavoured to thwart it, and have succeeded."

"All this is Hebrew to me, sir," said Rodin, biting his fingers.

"Ah, no doubt. My accent is foreign, I grant; but tell me, do you know what array-mow is?"

"No."

"Well, it is an admirable production of the island of Java."

"What is that to me," said Rodin, trying to conceal his emotion.

"Much, brother. We, the sons of the good work, who are as subtle as the serpent, as audacious as the lion, have a horror at spilling blood, so, to get the neck of our victim in the cord, we have often recourse to this narcotic, the inhaling of which when powdered, will throw an individual into a profound sleep, in which he will remain about thirty or forty hours. You see how insignificant opium is when contrasted with this divine plant; and then there's the antidote."

"Ah, there's an antidote," said Rodin.

"Yes, as there are men opposed to the sons of the good work, brother. The people of Java call the juice of the plant tobacco, which disturbs, as the sun does the morning mist, the sleep caused by the array-mow. Well, knowing the design of your emissary upon Djalma, I waited patiently till he was asleep, when I stole into his room, and made him inhale such a dose of array-mow that—"

"Wretch," shouted Rodin, becoming more and more frightened, for Faranghea had aimed a dreadful blow at the interests of the Order, "perhaps you have poisoned the doctor."

"Brother," said Faranghea, quietly, "he would have ran the risk of poisoning Djalma, so on that head we are equals. Leaving the doctor in a profound sleep, Djalma and I continued our route. My friend smokes like a true Indian. Well, in filling

his pipe I mixed a small quantity of the array-mow with the tobacco, and in less than five minutes he fell fast asleep, and at present he is in the inn, at which we alighted. Now, brother, Djalma's appearance at the Rue St. Francis entirely depends upon me."

Here Faranghea drew from his pocket the bronze medal of Djalma, and, showing it to Rodin, said, "You see that I am speaking the truth. Now I will end where I began, by saying, 'Brother, I come to ask much.'"

The little reptile eyes of Rodin sparkled; he bit his fingers in rage; then, taking up a pen, he seemed for a few minutes absorbed in reflection. Suddenly he threw the pen from him, and, walking up to the strangler, said, with an air of disdain, "Ah, M. Faranghea, do you really think that you can pass upon me these idle stories for facts?"

The strangler, notwithstanding his audacity, drew back a few steps in astonishment.

"How, sir," continued Rodin, "could you enter a respectable house, and boast of having embezzled letters, strangled a man, and poisoned others with narcotics. This is an instance of delirium, sir. I listened attentively, to see how far your impudence would lead you; for no one but a heartless villain would come here to boast of such wicked acts; but I believe they only exist in your imagination."

In pronouncing these words with animation, Rodin walked towards the mantle-piece, while Faranghea remained for a few minutes confounded, and lost in astonishment. At last he said with a savage air—

"Do not force me, brother, to prove what I have said."

"You must certainly, sir, come from the antipodes, to think that you could so easily dupe the French. You make me believe that you have the prudence of the serpent and the courage of the lion. I do not know if you are as courageous as a lion, but that you are as subtle as a serpent I firmly deny."

"How?"

"You say that you have letters from M. Josué that can materially affect my interests; that the Prince Djalma is plunged into a torpor, from which no one can awake him but you. Then you say that you can deal out a terrible blow to my interests; and you never reflect, terrible lion that you are, subtle serpent, that I have only to keep things thus for twenty-four hours to serve my purpose. You, who have arrived from the heart of India to Paris; you, a stranger, and unknown to all; you, who even think me as great a scoundrel as yourself, by calling me brother,—and still it never struck you that you have placed yourself entirely

in my power; for this street is solitary, and this house is lonely; and strangler as you are, all I have to do is to ring this bell,—but do not be afraid," he added with a diabolical smile, as Faranghea started back in surprise and fright. "Do you think I would tell you if I were going to act in this way. Now answer me. Once bound, and put in a place of safety for twenty-four hours, how could you injure me? Would it not be an easy matter for me to rid you of these papers, and of Djalma's medal? You see now that your threats are in vain, because all you have said is a tissue of lies—that it is not true that Prince Djalma is here, and in your house. Go your way! Leave this place; and another time when you wish to make dupes have something more of the serpent in you."

Faranghea was confounded. All that he heard seemed to him true; and he therefore thought that Rodin's strange conduct was the effect of unbelief.

Rodin was playing a dangerous game with the greatest ability; and though he appeared muttering in rage, he fixed his eye on the countenance of Faranghea.

The strangler thinking that he had discovered the cause of Rodin's coolness, said,

"Well, I leave you, but tell me one thing—do you think that all that I have said is false."

"Think so! Why, I am sure of it. I have lost a great deal of time in listening to you. Now, do me the favour of leaving the room."

"One minute more. You are a man I see, from whom nothing must be hidden. Listen. All that I can expect from Djalma is a small pittance; and if I were to say, 'Give me a great deal, for I could have betrayed you,' I would be repulsed by him in anger and disdain. I could have killed him twenty times, but his day is not yet come; and to wait till that day I must have gold, and you alone can give me it for betraying Djalma, as you only can profit by such. You refuse to listen to me because you think I am telling falsehoods. Here, then, is the address of the inn where Djalma is. Send some one to ascertain if it be true, then you will believe; but remember the price of my treason will be dear; I told you I would ask much."

Saying these words, Faranghea offered the address to Rodin, who following, with a corner of his eye, the different movements of the strangler, feigned not to hear him."

"Take that address, and then you will be assured that I am telling the truth."

"What do you say," demanded Rodin, casting a greedy eye upon the address on the card.

"Take this and satisfy yourself."

"Indeed, sir," said Rodin, pushing the address from him, "your impudence con-

finds me. I repeat that I will have nothing to do with you. I know nothing of this prince Djalmá. You say you can injure me. Do so. Have no constraint upon yourself; but for the love of heaven leave me."

Saying this, Rodin rang the bell furiously—Faranghea, fearing an attack, put himself in a defensive position, but all that appeared was an old gray-headed man, with a placid countenance.

"Lapiere," said Rodin, "show this gentleman to the door."

"You refuse my offer," said Faranghea. "Take care. It will be too late to-morrow."

Rodin turned away his head; the strangler left, and the Marquis d'Aigrigny entered from an adjoining room, his face and his whole frame agitated.

"What have you done," he said. "I overheard all. I am certain that the villain is telling the truth, and that he is now going to join the Indian, who is in his power."

"I do not think so," said Rodin, assuming his usual monotonous aspect, and bowing humbly.

"And what is there to prevent him joining the prince?"

"When that scoundrel made his appearance I knew him; and before entering into conversation, I prudently wrote a few lines to Morok, who was below with Goliah, and when the answer was brought back, seeing how matters stood, I sent fresh instructions."

"And what does all this signify since the man has left the house?"

"Your reverence perhaps remarked that he did not leave till I had, by stratagem, discovered the Indian's address. Faranghea would have been secured, however; for Morok and Goliah were waiting for him a few steps from the door."

"More violence," said the Marquis with repugnance.

"It is to be regretted—much to be regretted," replied Rodin, "but the system hitherto adopted renders it imperative."

"Is this meant as a reproach," said the Marquis, who began to find that Rodin was something else than a writing machine.

"I would not allow myself to take that freedom with your reverence," said Rodin, bowing almost to the ground; "but it was requisite he should be detained for twenty-four hours."

"But afterwards? His complaint?"

"Such a bandit dare not complain; besides, he left this place untouched."

The old servant here entered with a deer-skin bag in his hand. Rodin opened it, and on drawing forth the letters from Josué, and the medal, said, "Ah, Morok has been expeditious. I must now send some one to the hotel where the Indian is."

"Very well. Remember to bring Gabriel

to the Rue St. Francis to-morrow morning at seven. I must grant him an interview, as he has been asking one for the last three days."

We shall now conduct our reader to the house in the Rue St. Francis.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE HERITAGE.

On entering the Rue St. Francis, the top of a large house might, at the period of our story, have been seen peering above very high walls. A large coach door of massive oak, with huge pikes at the top, was in front of this house, and in one of the panels of this door was a small one, which served Samuel, a Jew, the guardian of that mournful-looking dwelling, for ingress and egress. The window of the room which the old man occupied looked into a garden, in the middle of which was a sort of tower, containing two floors, with an almost insurmountable staircase, which led to a door that had been built up for a hundred and fifty years. In order to prevent the rain from entering, the roof was covered with thick sheets of lead. The same precautions had been taken with a little square turret, situated at the extremity of the building; save that by some strange fantasy each fourth sheet of lead, corresponded with the four cardinal points, were pierced with seven holes, and formed the shape of a cross.

It was the evening of the twelfth of February, and, though it was late, a light escaping from the window of the room of the old Jew announced that he was still awake. Samuel was then eighty-two years old, and notwithstanding his advanced age his head was covered with thick, bushy grey hair. An old dressing-gown, with large sleeves, encircled the form of the old man, whose face was a type of the oriental race. His skin was yellow, his nose aquiline, and his prominent chin was shaded by a small tuft of grey hair. His forehead, which was broad and high, indicated honesty, openness, and firmness, while his eyes, dark and bright as the Arabs, were mild yet penetrating.

His wife, Bathsheba, who was about fifteen years younger, was of tall stature, and clothed in deep mourning. At this moment she was overwhelmed in grief. Her eyes were fixed, her head was resting on her bosom, and she held in her right hand a lock of hair as dark as the jet that she wore at her neck. Under the frame which encased it was a piece of cloth stained with blood.

Samuel was writing at his desk. Then raising his head, he said, "Well, Bathsheba, the interest of one thousand florins, from the 19th of October, 1826? Have you compared the sheets?"

Bathsheba remained silent.

Samuel looked up, and seeing his wife overwhelmed with grief, said, with an expression of tenderness, "What is the matter, my dear?"

"The 19th of October, 1826," said she, "that is a fatal date, Samuel; fatal, fatal for us. It was on that day that we received our last letter from—"

Bathsheba could not continue, and clasping her face with her hands she burst into tears.

"Ah, I understand you," said the old man, with an altered voice; "grave occupations may distract a father; but, alas! the heart of a mother is always fresh to its losses."

"Yes, Samuel. It was on this day that we received the last letter from our son Abel, stating that he had succeeded in lending out the money, according to your orders, in Germany, and that he was going to Poland on other affairs."

"And at Poland," said Samuel, "he met a martyr's death; for there was no proof; no, nothing was more false than to accuse him of going there to organise a system of smuggling, and the Russian government, treating him as they treat our brethren in that country, condemned him to death without seeing or hearing him. But is there any use in hearing a Jew? What is a Jew?—a creature far beneath the serf. Is he not in this country blamed for engendering evils which degrade him, and into which he is deeply plunged? A Jew!—who would care about the wrongs or sufferings of a Jew?"

"And our good and amiable Abel suffered the death of a vagabond," said Bathsheba, trembling. "A brother of ours, with much trouble, obtained permission to bury him, and this hair and piece of linen stained with blood, which he sent us, is all that now remains of our injured son."

"Alas! alas!" said Samuel, wiping his eyes; "yet God in his goodness has enabled us, by prolonging our lives, to fulfil the duty imposed upon us by our fathers. Does that casket not contain a princely fortune? That house which has been shut up one hundred and fifty years will be opened to-morrow to receive the descendants of the benefactor of my ancestors."

On saying these words, Samuel turned his eyes towards the window. He became pale, rose, and said to his wife, in a trembling accent, while pointing to the turret, "Look! look, Bathsheba—the seven lights that we saw thirty years ago!"

In fact, rays of light shone through the holes in the sheet of lead above the turret, as if some one had entered the house by the interior, as the doors and walls were built up.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE ACCOUNTS.

Samuel and Bathsheba remained motionless for some minutes, with their eyes fixed on the seven luminous points that shone in the darkness of the night on the summit of the turret.

Samuel, at length, broke silence, saying, as he passed his hand across his brow, "The sorrow that the allusion to our child produced prevented us from remembering that there is nothing in what has just passed of which we need be afraid. Did not my father tell me, that he and his father had, at distant periods, seen similar lights?"

"Yes, Samuel, but they, like ourselves, were unable to explain the cause of them."

"We may, however, believe as they did, that there is a secret passage to this house, by which persons who have a mysterious duty to perform, gain admittance. Besides, my father warned me not to be afraid of these strange occurrences, which, now, after an interval of thirty years, have again presented themselves."

"Still they are as terrifying as if they were supernatural."

"To think," said Samuel, "that these lights have several times appeared during the last century and a half. Another family must, like my own, have devoted itself to the fulfilment of some pious duty."

"But what duty can it be?" inquired Bathsheba, "perhaps, however, this mystery will be cleared up to day."

"Come, come, Bathsheba," said Samuel, starting from his reverie, as if reproaching himself for his idleness—"See, it is quite daylight; and before eight o'clock a clear account of the immense wealth contained in that cedar chest must be made out, to be given to those who are entitled to it."

"You are right, Samuel; this is a solemn day, and should be a very happy one, if it were possible to have any happy days!" added she, sorrowfully, as she thought of her departed son.

"Bathsheba," said Samuel, as he took his wife by the hand, "we may, however, enjoy the satisfaction of having done our duty. Has not God been favourable to us, even although he has tried us sorely, in taking our son from us? Is it not owing to his gracious providence that this great work was begun and finished by three generations of my family?"

"Yes, Samuel," said the Jewess, affectionately, "and to this satisfaction will be added, when the clock strikes twelve, that of being relieved of a heavy responsibility."

"True," replied the old man, "I would much rather that the immense wealth were in the possession of those to whom it belongs than in mine. To-day, however, it will pass into other hands. I am going

now, for the last time, to make out the accounts, which we will, when I have finished, compare with your memorandum."

We will briefly trace the simple, yet apparently romantic history, of the fifty thousand crowns, which is intimately connected with that of the family of the Samuels. About the year 1670, M. Maurus Rennepont, who was at that time travelling in Portugal, aided by three powerful auxiliaries, succeeded in saving the life of an unfortunate Jew that had been condemned by the inquisition to be burnt to death, on account of his religion. This Jew, whose name was Isaac Samuel, was grandfather to the guardian of the house in the rue St. Francis. Men of generous minds are often quite as much attached to those on whom they confer benefits as the latter are to their benefactors. M. Rennepont having ascertained that Isaac was a man of probity, activity, and intelligence, offered to take him to France, as his agent, which offer was gratefully accepted by the Jew, with a secret determination of devoting his entire existence to the entire interests of his benefactor. M. Rennepont had no cause to repent of the choice he had made, for his affairs were exceedingly prosperous in the hands of the Jew. At length he was overtaken by persecution, and his property was confiscated for the benefit of the Jesuits, who had informed against him. Having determined on committing suicide, he privately summoned Isaac to the place of his concealment, and placed in his hands the sum of fifty thousand crowns—which he was to lend out, and allow the interest of it to accumulate. And if he should have a son, to transmit the management of it to him; but if not, he was to entrust it to the care of one of his relations on the same terms, and in this manner, it was to be transmitted from relation to relation, until the expiration of a century and a half. M. Rennepont, moreover, desired Isaac to become the guardian of the house in the rue St. Francis, and, if possible, to have the same duty performed by his descendants.

If Isaac had not even had any children, the powerful link by which Jewish families are often bound, would have rendered the wishes of M. Rennepont practicable. The relations of Isaac would have associated themselves with him, in his gratitude to his benefactor; and they, as well as their successive descendants, would have religiously fulfilled the pious duty imposed on one of their kindred. But, in 1689, a few years after the death of M. Rennepont, Isaac had a son born, named Levy Samuel. This son had no children by his first wife, but he married a second time, when he was nearly sixty years of age—and, in 1750, his son, David Samuel was born, who was the

guardian of the house in the rue St. Francis in 1832, and was then eighty-two years old, and seemed likely to live as long as his father, who died at the advanced age of ninety-three. Last of all, Abel Samuel, whose loss Bathsheba so deeply lamented, was born in 1790, and at the age of twenty-six he perished under the Russian knout.

This humble genealogy will easily explain how much the successive longevity of the three Samuels had contributed to the fulfilment of M. Rennepont's wishes.

After Bathsheba and her husband had compared their accounts, the latter said:—"There is in that cedar chest, at the disposal of the heirs of M. Rennepont, the sum of two hundred and twelve millions one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs."

"It is hardly credible," exclaimed Bathsheba. I was aware that you had large sums of money in your possession, but I never should have believed that the fifty thousand crowns that were left a century and a half ago, was the only source of this enormous wealth."

"And yet it was so," said the old man, proudly.

"No doubt, much discretion and sagacity have been exercised in the management of it. But this sum, large as it is, might have been greatly augmented if we had not, in accordance with M. Rennepont's express commands, refused to take more than the legal interest."

"Is it possible? said Bathsheba.

"Nothing is more simple," said Samuel. "Every one knows, that money at the rate of five per cent. doubles itself in fourteen years. Now, considering that in one hundred and fifty years there is ten times fourteen years, and that which now astonishes you will appear quite simple. In 1682, M. Rennepont confided to the care of my grandfather 50,000 francs. This sum, in 1696, at compound interest, would produce 300,000 francs, and, in 1710, 600,000 francs. At the death of my grandfather, in 1719, it would be nearly a million; in 1738, 2,400,000; in 1780, 19,200,000; and, in 1832, about 225 millions. But owing to some losses, of which I have kept an exact account, it does not exceed two hundred and twenty millions one hundred and seventy-five thousand francs."

"Now, I understand you," said Bathsheba. "But how incredible is the power of accumulation, and what great things might be accomplished at a future period with but slender means of the present."

"Such was, no doubt, the opinion of M. Rennepont," replied Samuel; "for, according to the account of my grandfather, he was one of the ablest men of his time."

"God grant that his descendants may be worthy of this princely fortune," said Bathsheba.

It was now quite daylight, and the clock had just struck seven.

"The masons will not be long before they arrive," said Samuel, as he replaced the cedar box in an iron chest, which was concealed behind an old oak press. "I am like you, Bathsheba, curious and uneasy to know who the descendants of M. Rennepont are that will present themselves here to day."

At this moment two or three loud knocks were heard, which were responded to by the barking of Samuel's watch-dogs. The Jew descended quickly to the gate, where he saw three men, in the garb of masons, accompanied by a young man dressed in black.

"What is your pleasure?" inquired the Jew, before he opened the gate.

"I am sent by M. Dumesnil, the notary," replied the clerk, "and I have a letter from my employer to M. Samuel, the guardian of this house."

"I am the guardian, sir," said the Jew. "Have the kindness to put the letter in the box."

The clerk, shrugging his shoulders, did as he was desired, for nothing appeared to him more ridiculous than the request of the suspicious old man.

Samuel took the letter out of the box, and having withdrawn a little further into the light, he carefully compared the signature of the letter to one he had received from the notary before. After which precaution he opened the gate.

"My good man," said the clerk, "if you had been opening the gate of a fortified castle, you could not have done it with more formality."

The Jew bowed, but did not reply.

"Are you deaf?" bawled the clerk.

"No, sir," said Samuel, smiling good humouredly. He then added, "There is the door which must be cleared of the masonry, and then the iron bars of the second window to the right must be unfastened."

"Why not open all the windows?" inquired the clerk.

"Because such are the orders I have received, as guardian of this house."

"Who gave you these orders?"

"My father, and he received them from my grandfather, to whom they were given by the proprietor of this house."

"Ah, well," said the clerk, rather surprised; then he added, addressing himself to the masons—"Now, my good fellows, the rest is your business. Clean the masonry from the door, and remove the iron bars from the second window on the right."

While the masons were at work, under the inspection of the notary's clerk, a carriage stopped at the door, and Rodin, accompanied by Gabriel, entered the house of the rue St. Francis.

(To be continued.)

A PAIR OF BRAINS.

The human subject is composed of halves. The brain, like the eye, is double; hence Dr. Wigan, in his work on the "Duality of the Mind," shows that every man having what may be termed a pair of brains, one of his brains, so to speak, may be indisposed while the other remains unimpaired.

Hence, a double action being inferred we may, perhaps, account for the irresolution in some cases, the inconsistencies in others, which mark human actions. Some of the instances adduced by the doctor will be read with amazement;—the following, for instance:—

A PERSON HAUNTED BY HIS OWN IMAGE.

"I knew a very intelligent and amiable man, who had the power of thus placing before his eyes *himself*, and often laughed heartily at *his double*, who always seemed to laugh in turn. This was long a subject of amusement and joke, but the ultimate result was lamentable. He became gradually convinced that he was haunted by himself, or (to violate grammar for the sake of clearly expressing his idea) by *his self*. This other self with him pertinaciously, and, to his great mortification, sometimes refute him, which, as he was very proud of his logical powers, humiliated him exceedingly. He was eccentric, but was never placed in confinement or subjected to the slightest restraint. At length, worn out by the annoyance, he deliberately resolved not to enter on another year of existence; paid all his debts, wrapped up in separate papers the amount of the weekly demands, waited, pistol in hand, the night of the 31st of December, and, as the clock struck twelve, fired it into his mouth.

"I remember very well some of the conversations he related as taking place between himself and his other self; and, though at the time they merely furnished amusement, and did suggest the idea of a state of mind which I should now be glad to witness an example, yet, if such conversations were given piecemeal by a madman, they would form exactly the sort of incoherence we notice in the insane, especially if there were intervals when the thoughts being too rapid for utterance a number of links in the chain were dropped, the whole would then resolve into nonsense. In sitting by his side, reading to myself, I sometimes heard him exclaim, 'Well, that takes me quite aback; I must consider a little for an answer,' and then laugh heartily at the idea of his imaginary argument with himself. It seems, indeed, quite as easy to conceive that a man might place before himself the image of himself, which he had seen in a glass, as the image of an absent acquaintance. I know not what effect such an example might produce on others, but

to me it seems only to be explained on the hypothesis of two brains with distinct and contradictory trains of thought at the same time.

EXAMPLES OF DOUBLE VOLITION.

"Numerous examples of consciously imperfect self-control from double volition are cited by writers on insanity. To mention only a few:—

"A German girl, servant to Humboldt, who had charge of a child, entreated to be sent away, from fear that she should destroy it, as, whenever she undressed it, and noticed the whiteness of its skin, she was seized with an almost irresistible desire to tear it to pieces.

"A young lady in a Paris asylum experienced, from time to time, a violent inclination to murder some one. On these occasions she always asked to have the strait-waistcoat put on, and to be carefully guarded until the paroxysm was over, which lasted several days.

"A celebrated chemist, of a mild and social disposition, committed himself a prisoner to an asylum to save himself from an intense desire to commit murder; often prostrated himself before the altar to implore the Divine assistance to deliver himself from the atrocious propensity, of the origin of which he could give no account. He used on these occasions, when he felt the desire coming on, to ask to have his thumbs tied together; this was sufficient to restore his composure.

"A countrywoman, twenty-four years of age, of a bilious, sanguine temperament, of simple and regular habits, but reserved and sullen manners, had been ten days confined with her first child, when suddenly, having her eyes fixed on it, she was seized with the desire of strangling it. This idea made her shudder; she carried the infant to its cradle, and went out in order to get rid of so horrid a thought. The cries of the little being, who required nourishment, recalled her to the house. She experienced still more strongly the impulse to destroy it. She hastened away again, haunted by the dread of committing a crime of which she had such horror. She raised her eyes to heaven, and went into a church to pray. This unhappy mother passed the whole day in a constant struggle between the desire of taking away the life of her infant and the dread of yielding to the impulse."

Adopting Dr. Wigan's theory, and making a present application of it to some active individual of the present day, we might, perhaps, account for many things that seem strange for Mr. O'Connell's alternate preference of Repeal and Federalism; for Miss Martineau's surprising relations connected with somnolency; for the contradictory decision of certain learned judges and sapient magistrates.

Reviews.

Young Love. By Mrs. Trollope.

"What's in a name?" These celebrated words of the love-sick Juliet propounded a question which years have solved, and he who runs may read its answer in every newspaper, well-lettered wall, and gay emporium of the Strand or West. Ask Moses and Son, "What's in a name?" and they will tell you, prosperity or ruin, life and death; so from the prince of cheap tailors to the elegant cantatrice of the opera, "a name, a name, my kingdom for a name," is the cry of both great and small. And there is sound philosophy in this universal struggle, the prizes mostly fall to the least deserving, the competition is of general benefit, and they are only the envious and the wicked, who find cause for dissatisfaction. Merit of some kind or another, no matter whether it be the merit of well-doing or ill-doing, or any other kind of merit, so long as it has the merit of *looking* good, is sure to carry the day; and a very comfortable position it must be to find oneself in at last, well worth the effort of attaining, and we shall think well worth taking care of when attained. But we are all apt to dose in security, and think, because the present is fortunate, the future will be the same; and it is a great satisfaction when we come to examine this supine state, to find that the world at large encourages it, and both sets the example, and, to a certain degree, rewards the effect. We find, perhaps, the most remarkable instances of this in the literary world; and long after we should have discharged our tailor for having retrograded from his first pre-eminence, we not only accept, but accept with thanks, the equally unworthy work of an author who, presuming on his position, not only presents us with a caricature of the human nature he once drew well, but puts before the public a careless production, which would go far to condemn a young author of greater merit. Mrs. Trollope, the object alike of admiration and censure, having equal claims to both, has fallen into this error; and "Young Love," possessing one character of exceeding beauty and truth, is a caricature which has not even the merit of careful writing to recommend it. Upon what authority words of all kinds are bound together in the following manner, we are at a loss to know:—"Mix-in-like," "too-intimately-thrown-together," "sure-to-be-at-home," and "Camillas," are very different things to Camellias; with other evidences of carelessness which the reader cannot fail of observing. Peculiarity of style is allowable in an author, but whims and carelessness in an established writer cannot be too strongly condemned, both for the bad taste which they display, and the example they offer to be

ginners. The tendency to caricature which has always pervaded Mrs. Trollope's writings, and which greatly weakened the effect her "Vicar of Wrexhill" was otherwise calculated to produce, has strengthened of late years, till she puts before her readers the monsters of society, not human beings, whose just delineations reflect honour on the author, and win him the lasting admiration and respect of the public. In the novel immediately under consideration, one of the heroines is represented as a perfect monster of beauty, duplicity, and heartlessness, "such as the world n'er saw." Attached, if the love of such a being can be called attachment, to an equally worthless man of the world, who leads her constantly to expect a proposal, and as constantly disappoints her; overwhelmed with debts, which she has no means of discharging, dreading an arrest, and fast verging towards thirty, she fascinates a youth of good family and handsome fortune, whom his parents have done their best to enervate and spoil. Beguiled by her beauty, and seductive manners, Alfred Dermont is in a *fury* of love with Amelia Thorwold. She plays him off against Lord William Hammond, gains her object, and the libertine lover succeeds in persuading her to a clandestine marriage. With consummate art she leaves Alfred Dermont in the happy belief that he is beloved, and, affecting a quarrel with the lady in whose house she is staying, eludes all vigilance, and hides herself in lodgings in Piccadilly. The banns are published in a suburban church, and the profligate lord and the heartless woman of fashion become man and wife. A fortnight elapses, and Lady William, tired of secrecy, and longing for the pleasures to which she has been accustomed, accosts her lord in harsh language; he leaves her presence, and, as it appears, makes the woman of the house, who in former days was the purchaser of Amelia Thorwold's cast-off wardrobes, his mistress, writes a letter, denying the legality of the marriage, and absconds. This woman, a Mrs. Stedworth, confirms the tale; no time is to be lost, Lady William, or rather Miss Thorwold, writes an affectionate letter to the mother of Alfred Dermont, inviting herself to his home, where she plays her cards so well that she gets her lover to pay her debts, for which she has been threatened with immediate imprisonment, and invents a story of being involved, through her benevolence, to account for the large sum, thirteen hundred pounds, required. The wedding day is fixed, and, in spite of some very narrow, and unheard of escapes, considering that the parties concerned are supposed to be in their proper senses, they go to the church to be married. In the mean time Lord

William has disappointed Mrs. Stedworth, who, in revenge, having taken care from the first to ascertain that the marriage was *legal*, writes to the father of the bridegroom, which letter, reaching him as he gets into the carriage to follow his son, the *denouement* takes place in the vestry. There is the usual quantity of surprise, effrontery, &c., but the spoilt bridegroom boy of twenty, suddenly assumes a strength of character and feeling, utterly incompatible with all that has gone before, and assures his parents in a neat speech, that he is thankful for his escape. Lady William returns to her husband, and is shortly after divorced. So much for the improbable portion of the story, the fillings up of which render it even more unlikely; there are many minor characters equally overdrawn, amongst which we must mention Mr. Stephens, a renegade clergyman and his unitarian wife. Their American friend is depicted with Mrs. Trollope's known partiality to the inhabitants of that country, and does no discredit to her powers of exaggeration. Julia Drummond, the true heroine of the tale, a sweet unaffected child of mortality, with human feelings and passions, makes us regret, that Mrs. Trollope should condescend to the monstrous absurdities of Widow Barnabys, and Amelia Thorwolds. She has a graphic pen and a quiet flowing fancy, and, instead of being the amusement of an idle hour, laughed at as much as laughed with, a very bubble on the stream of literature, might exercise a proud and useful influence on other generations as well as the present. We will give a few extracts, illustrative of one of Mrs. Trollope's Americans "of great literary endowments."—

"At breakfast on the following morning, Mrs. Stephens took occasion to mention to their friend Mr. Holingsworth, who was an American of great literary endowments, recently arrived for the United States, both the brilliant fête which was about to take place, and her purpose of paying a visit at the house where it was to be given, in order to obtain an invitation for him.

"And that is a very obliging notion I expect, madam, and I hold it to be very handsome of you," replied Mr. Holingsworth. "Yet I cannot but opine, too," he added, after a moment's reflection, "that it would be a better scheme still for us to start off, all of us together, for the object of getting this invite. I most times remark that we Yankees carry with us a great deal of influence, and I guess that the seeing and hearing the individual what is to be invited, when characteristics all convene, as on the present occasion, I calculate, without vanity, is the style most likely to obtain the end proposed. And if this

should be approbated by you, madam, and prove in conclusion as much your sentiment as it is my own, I should beg leave to propose that you introduce me forthwith to the genteel friends you speak of. Always supposing, that my honourable friend, Mr. William Stephens here, sees no objection."

But for Mrs. Trollope's serious introduction of this gentleman as "an American of great literary endowments," in the passage above quoted, we should have supposed it a hoax altogether; further as we find him very much at his ease in the presence of his host and hostess, with his heels elevated to a position usually thought not very seemly even for the elbows, namely, the table.

"Mrs. Dermont, nevertheless, remembering the real object of her visit, failed not to turn her eyes upon the waltzing divine, or, as his prejudice-emancipated wife not unfrequently called him, the divine waltzer, and said they should like to see him likewise. This appeal enabled Mr. Stephens, greatly, it must be confessed, to his satisfaction, to break off a discussion upon the effect of genu-wine freedom upon the higher class of intellectuals; a phrase which Mr. Hollingsworth took care to render intelligible by passing his hand carelessly over the top of his own head. Starting from the chair in which his high-minded friend had kept him imprisoned by throwing his legs across him, and resting his heels upon a table, and advancing with a rapid step towards Mrs. Dermont, Mr. Stephens assured her that her obliging invitation was, on every account, precisely the most agreeable one he could have received."

We regret that the limits of a short review, will not allow of doing justice to the beautiful character of Julia Drummond; perhaps it is the highest praise we can give to say that the character is, altogether, so naturally conceived and carried out, as to leave no very prominent points, for which we could give a just impression of the perfect whole.

The Gatherer.

A Modest Claim.—Of the £20,000,000 voted by Parliament for the emancipation of the slaves in our colonies, £2,000,000 remains unclaimed. The *Jamaica Times* says the House of Assembly in that island ought to look after this sum, as out of it £600,000 must be due to Jamaica proprietors!

Drunkness.—He that gives himself to wine is not his own; what shall we think of this vice, which robs a man of himself, and lays a beast in his room?—*Bishop Hall.*

Prize Theme.—A notice from the vice chancellor of the University of Cambridge announces the subject of the first prize (of 100*l.*) arising out of Sir Peregrine Maitland's foundation, to be "The Necessity for Christian Education to elevate the Native Character in India."

Mr. Corbould the Artist.—This gentleman is no more. He had been staying lately at St. Leonard's, on a visit to Lady Chantry, to whom it is understood he was to be shortly united; but on Sunday week he quitted that place on horseback, accompanied by a servant, for Hawkhurst, in Kent, whither he was proceeding on a shooting excursion, his four sons being already there, at the house of a friend named French, awaiting his arrival. The deceased was seen to ride slowly, with his coat thrown open; and the circumstance attracted attention, as sufficient precaution did not seem to have been taken by him against the severity of the weather, the frost being intense. On ascending Silverhill, near Roberts-bridge, he was mortally struck by the cold, and fell in a fit of apoplexy, it is presumed. The deceased appeared but an hour before to be in the best possible health.

Pigeon Flying by Night.—It has been ascertained that pigeons will fly in darkness. This was proved on Monday week, when, between 10 and 11, on a cloudy night, a bird was turned up to fly a mile. The pigeon having been marked in the usual way, was tossed at the door of the George public-house, in Gravel-lane, Southwark, where the match was made, but was soon out of sight, reaching its home in a few seconds, in apparent ease. The bird passed through the bolting-wire of the trap into the pigeon-loft, where it was secured by the owner, who produced it at the house where the match was made within ten minutes.

Matrimony.—It is an error to dream that because you happen to love your wife during the honeymoon you will be the happiest man in the world for the rest of your life; matrimony is like a glass of soda water—very sparkling when it is first carried to the lips, but palpably tasting of acid before it is half swallowed.

The Mantle at Trèves.—A letter from Breslau of the 3rd, states that M. Ronge, the priest, who published a severe letter to the Bishop of Trèves, charging him with fraud and imposture, in exhibiting to thousands of pilgrims a robe as that worn by our Saviour, has been excommunicated by the chapter of the cathedral of that city.

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